

The History of

As they are sharing, the Prince & Poyns
 Prin. Your money. *Set upon them, they all run away, and Fal-*
 Poyn. Villaines. *Staffe after a blow or two, runs away too,*
leaving the booty behind them.

Prin. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse, he theenes
 are scattered, and posselt with feare so strongly, that they dare
 not meete each other, each take his fellow for an officer: away
 good Ned, Falstaffe sweats to death, and lards the leane earth as
 he walkes along: wert not for laughing, I should pittie him.

Poy. How the rogne roard! *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a Letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented
 to be there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.

He could be conuented, why is he nott here? in respect of the
 loue he beares our house: he shewes in this, he loues his owne
 banne better then he loues our house. Let mee see some more.

The purpose you undertake, is dangerous.

Why thats certaine, tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleepe, to
 drinke; but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger
 we pluckt this flower safety.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you nam-
ed uncertaine, the time it selfe vnforted, and your whole
plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.

Say you so, say you so? I say vnto you againe, you are a shallow
 cowardly hinde, and you lie: what a lack-braine is this? by the
 Lord our plot is a good plot as euer was layd, our friend true
 and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation,
 an excellent plot, very good friends; what a frosty-spirited
 rogue is this? why my L. of Yorke commends the plot, and the
 generall course of the action. Zounds and I were now by this
 rascal, I could braine him with his Ladies Faune. Is there not my
 father my vnckle, and my selfe, L. Edmond Mortimer, my L. of
 Yorke, and Owen Glendower? Is there not besides the Dowglar
 haue I not all their letters to meete mee in Armes by the ninth
 of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward
 already? What a Pagan rascall is this and Infidell? Ha, you shall
 see now in very sincerity of feare and cold heart, will he to the
 King,

Henry the Fourth

King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I cou
 selfe, and goe to buffets, for mouing such a dish o
 with so honourable an action. Hang him, let him
 we are prepared. I will set forward to night. *Ex*
 How now Kate, I must leaue you within these tw

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone
 For what offence haue I this fortnight beene
 A banisht woman from my Harries bed?

Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee
 Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?

Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth,
 And start so often when thou sitst alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheek
 And giuen my treasures and my rights of thee,
 To thicke-eyd musing, and curst melancholy?

In my faint slumbers, I by thee watcht,
 And heard thee murmur tales of yron warres,

Speake tearmes of mannage to thy bounding Ste
 Cry courage to the field: And thou hast talkt

Of fallies; and retires, trenches, tents,
 Of Pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,

Of basilisks, of cannon, culuerin,
 Of prisoners ranfome, and of souldiers slaine,

And all the current of a headdy fight,
 Thy spirit within thee hath beene so at warre,

And thus hath so besturd thee in thy sleepe,
 That beds of sweat haue stood vpon thy brow,

Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame,
 And in thy face strange motions haue appeard,

Such as we see when men restraine their breath.
 On some greet sudden haste. O what portents are t

Some heauy businesse hath my Lord in hand,
 And I must know it, else he loues me not.

Hot. What ho, is Giliams with the Racket go
 Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agoe.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those Horses from
 Ser. One Horse, my Lord, he brought euen no

Hot. What Horse? a Roane, a crop-care, is it no
 D